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a few men of genuine merit, as for instance F. de Haven (rather scantily represented this time), Shurtleff, with his woodland interiors, with the sunlight filtering through the foliage, charming pictures, true to nature and to art; and Blake-lock, with his peculiar canvases blackened with madness and illumined with the weird, tearful moonlight—insufficient as they may be in every respect—being at least the original expression of a soul. G. H. Millies' "Somes Sound," and Ernest Parton's "Lingering Daylight," deserve praise. Pictures of that size are bold undertakings. Also Arthur Parton and Ch. A. Needham, with his winter sketch of Madison Square, need encouragement. They both search for the picturesque around New York.

Other men I merely admire for their cleverness; for instance, Eaton, whose landscapes are always effective; Bolton Jones, who is so successful in absorbing the melancholy poetry that pervades autumnal forest land, and unlike his public, never tires of depicting it. Child Hassam sent some interesting impressionist studies, some of which, I hear, weigh over twenty-five pounds; the color is squeezed and slabbed on as thick as all that.

Wells Champney, whom I like so well when he copies old masters, and who leaves me rather indifferent when he labors at original things, sent a May Manning pastel as Daphne that should make his success in society. If one wanted to find a fault with it, it would be its fanaticism of cleanliness, everything is so distinct, clean, licked off as if painting were a laundry.

Of course, E. P. Henry, so old fashioned and out of date as the snuff-box of my great grandmother, yet of ethnographical interest, and J. G. Brown who has told his little shoeblack stories so often that we do not need to look at his new pictures, as we know them by heart, are of course well represented.

This made me think of J. T. Kaufman who tried to rival J. G. Brown in shoeblackening last fall with his "Shine, Sir." It is a vain endeavor, young man, but it is true that "many of the Academicians really need a shine."

P. S.—Ethel Isadore Brown again attracted my attention. Perhaps, another time, more about Humphrey Morse and F. S. Church, who, no matter what people say about him, is an exquisite painter of greys and fragile nuances.

At Knoedler & Co., exhibition of pastel portraits by J. Wells Champney, entitled "Types of American Girlhood," commencing April 5th.

WILTON LOCKWOOD, whom I forgot to mention in both criticisms, indulges with preference and considerable skill in the emotional rhythms of life.

PHILIP MARTINY is working at caryatides for the Cullum Memorial and a large portico panel for the Kuhnhardt Mausoleum. Martiny has all the encouragement necessary to do some serious work on his own account; will he at last rake up his courage and do something or will he remain forever loyal to decorative sculpture, "Weib, Wein and Gesang?"

You might travel far without having ever an opportunity again to see such a confusion of mists, winds, sunshine, moonlight and showers, and iridescent color effects as in Melville Dewey's confuse and effeminate pictures at the Klackner Gallery. One glance every year or so at one of his best pictures like "Evening Star, Dulverton,

Eng.," or "The River at Night," may be enjoyable, but it is unbearable to see so much of it at once.

Now the artists have another chance to complain about the tariff. As usual, in such cases, the artists have to blame themselves for it. Why do they not unite? Surely they do not expect politicians to take an interest in art, when the artists themselves do not even know each other, or do not want to know each other. Several artists have the peculiar habit of shouting, Who!? whenever a name is mentioned that they are only too well acquainted with.

HENRY MAYER! Only three years in New York and already in the front rank of American illustrators. His art reveals expert draughtsmanship, a wonderful memory for types, versatility and facility of productive power, a cosmopolitan *savoir faire*, and an abundance of wit and humor, not only appealing to the crowd but also to the *haute volée* of the intellect. If Mayer can simplify his manifold brilliant characteristics into an individual style, like Caran d'Ache's or Oberländer's, he has a great future before him. (Exhibition at Keppel & Co.) I would like to own his "Decorative Sir Henry." I hope he will make me a present of it.

AFTER a good deal of quarreling, it has been decided that the VII. International Art Exhibition at Munich will be opened on the 1st of June. Franz von Lenbach is the superintendent. The policy of the committee has undergone some change; it has become more nativistic and less generous in its tendency. It is claimed that too much has previously been done for the encouragement of foreign art to the disparagement of home interests. The result for us here is that Munich will engage no American commissioner this year, contrary to their intention last fall to procure an exceptionally interesting and select American exhibit for '97, including a "special room" for Mr. St. Gauden's works.

HOMER MARTIN is one of the classics of American landscape painting. The memorial exhibition of his work at the Century Club was complete enough to arrive at that conclusion. How that man has toiled, how faithfully he has struggled to perfect himself, and what strides he has actually made from the "Naturanschauung" of the Hudson River School and the Kensett style with its melting and subtle gradation of pure thin color in the early sixties, to the lurid sentimentalism of the early eighties; and from these the steady ascent to the masterpieces of eight or ten years ago, with their rich and ruddy coloring, their lineal and constructive beauty, their solid technical resources, their intimate knowledge of nature in her calm and dreamy moods; and finally his latest work where only a road along a hillside and a defoliated tree were necessary to him to express with profound simplicity the heroic harmonies of nature. He felt like his own flesh and blood the animating forces of the humid soil, the spirituality of trees, and the revelations of light in the everchanging atmosphere. And yet landscape painting is only in its infancy; contemporary American painting altogether is economical like the era in which we live, there are no outbursts of broad joyousness, healthy like sunshine or turbulent like a tempest. Everything, even the works of a Homer Martin, look ascetic, sulky, self-chastised.